bines Hospitality With Hunting.

A Hot Chase Across Country After the

Game Until the

OLD MAN FACES HIS FOES AND FIGHTS

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.

SYDNEY, N. S. W., June 8 .- "Take a hol-

iday from your instruments, pack up your riding gear and a change, and come down

to the run and chase an old man or two,"

said a squatter friend the other day. Such

was his proposition, and I had better at once explain that his suggestion was not to

engage in any man-hunting mission, neither was it intended to run down a black fellow

or so, as is sometimes indulged in in Queens-land, but merely to hunt the wily kanga-roo, or "old man," as the natives are given

to calling the patriarchs of the tribe. The invitation had not to be repeated, and in an

hour's time we were comfortably bestowed in a first-class carriage on the Western

Railway and rapidly leaving the city be-hind us. Half an hour's traveling brought

us to the foot of the Blue Mountains, a high

failed to dispel my present misgivings; and that night I wrote to Mary telling her that I would see her father at once, but that until I had done so she was to keep our engagement secret. And I went to bed with despair at my heart.

I tossed about all night, and had but short and fittul intervals of sleep. In the morning I was in a high state of fever, varied by frequent fits of shivering and shooting pains all over me. I sent a telegram to my doctor and then went back to bed.

For three months I was laid up with a dangerous rheumatic fever. In the early stage I had found it necessary to take Edward Bold into my confidence, and he had regularly conveyed tidings of me to Mary; who—poor girll suffered grievously for my sake. Her messages gave me heart and strength; but my prostration was great, and the paroxysms of pain frequent; at last the muscles of the throat were affected, and I could neither eat, drink nor sleep. Landanum was administered in large and increasing doses, and brought me som temporary relief; but I overheard my dear friend, George Vivian, my doctor, say one day:

"If he is not better in 48 hours, it is all over with him."

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My Aunt Johanna was not the sole possessor of the parrot constitution. It ran in the selected a pen from among the bundle washing last, the muscle sole for the parrot constitution. It ran in the selected a pen from among the bundle which in placed at her hand, dipped it cautionally in the ink bottle, squared herself them and restricted them upon the lofty bridge of her aristorate loss. Then she carefully opened the magic volume, in which indefinite wealth lay latent, and heedfully smoothed down the selected a pen from a



Mary, Will You Kiss Me? family. Therefore, teeble and near to death as I was, I made up my mind that I would pull through. There was never a kinder nurse than wizened uncouth Mrs. Crump (Mrs. Swatman's mummified assistant be-fore mentioned), turned out to be. The hired nurse was as callous and repugnant as pine out of ten of her class are; but Mrs. Crump, who would tend me while the professional took her daily exercise, was a ray of sunshine in the room. She was always good-humored and hopeful; she smoothed my pillows, raised my head, or arranged the bed with the lightest of hands. Often did I bed with the lightest of hands. Often did I scream for her when the hired nurse was causing me the most acute pain by her rough handling. Nurses are born, not made. But at the best, I had a hard time of it. Those who fall sick in chambers are apt to suffer grievously. More than once during those 48 hours I feared that the parrot constitution would be worsted after all.

However they passed, and I was not dead yet. I began to mend; slowly but surely the investment was to said after in the gratitude which is rightfully demanded.

It was precisely at this juncture that a brisk knock came at the door, and the door was opened. I felt that I turned pale. But no—it was not Mary; it was the doctor. He was just the man for the occasion—quick witted, audicious and intropid. My horizon cleared again. I saw my wav.

The resented him to my aunt, whispered a word to him aside, and he sat down. After exchanging a dozen general remarks, he turned to me and exclaimed briskly:

"Now, my dear boy, are you ready?"

"Now, my dear boy, are you ready?"

Johanna at Nice, or even in some warmer climate, and my welcome of her (when I had realized the situation) was as unenthusiastic as if she had been pressing a dun or a defaulting washerwoman. Nevertheless, my aunt turned up trumps—turned up, in fact, what is styled a "regular fist full." Her address and behavior were tender and even caressing to a degree that I had never expected from her; she had compassion for my past miseries, and sympathy for my present condition; she gently upbraided me for having kept her so long in ignorance of my misfortunes; she declared that I ought to have some one who belonged to me to look after me; and in short she showed herself in a light so different from that in which I had heretofore regarded her, that I took shame to myself for the hard thoughts that I had some times harbored against her.

"And now, my dear Charles," sand this excellent woman, after about half an hour's conversation, sitting up and feeling in her pocket, where is it? Oh, in my reticule, of course! No, don't get up, Charles; I prefer to get it myself. There! What do you think of that?"

"It looks like a—like a raw potato," I said, after examining the object which she smillingly handed to me.

"A kidney potato—yes; and Lam certain it is

so began to trace the few but pregnant words that were to place me on even terms with the world.

As I sat watching this operation an idea suddenly occurred to me which changed my mood from pleased expectancy to ominous misgiving. What if Mary were to make her appearance now? It was of the last importance to the prosperity of my matrimonial projects that my aunt should receive a favorable impression of Mary at their first interview. And although Mary, considered in herself, was of course incapable of producing other than a good impression upon anybody, yet circumstances are potent things, and there was no denying that they would be against Mary were she to come into my room at this moment. With such an anxiety in my mind, it is no wonder if I found my aunt's movements, even in writing me a check, altogether too deliberate to be agreeable. Moreover, what reason had I for supposing that, even after the check was written, my aunt would immediately depart? What more likely than that she would regard it as preparatory to a further session of infinite length? It was not in nature to expect that an elderly lady would make a long journey and climb half a dozen flights of stairs, merely for the sake of giving me a kidney potato and £50, and then vanishing like a benevolent fairy. How imperturbably she sat in her chair? Surely no professional beauty ever "sat" with so much persistence and self-complacency. I became so nervous that, by the time she had actually finished the operation of writing the check, and had torn it carefully out of the book, and had returned the book to her reticule, I was feeling much more like bundling her incontinently out of the room than like accepting her bounty with the gratitude which is rightfully demanded.

It was precisely at this juncture that a brisk brock came at the door, and the door was

place at one of the churches in one of the riverside towns of Berkshire. His proposal to me was 'that I could undertake to make a thorough search among the parish registers, Mr. Bruce paying all the expenses and compensating me for my labor at the rate of a guinea and a half a day.

While he was talking, Mr. Bruce had involuntarily taken up an old woolen glore which I kept on the top of the coal box by the fireside, to put on when shoveling out coals for the tire. It was grimy as Mrs. Swatman's hands—the ne plus ultra of honest dirt—and before I noticed what he was about, his fingers were as soiled as those of a finance agent.

"Oh, what a nusance?" exclaimed Mr. Bruce. "Dear me! I'll just step into your bedroom and wash." He rose and approached the door.

"No, no!" said I hurriedly, and laboring out of my chair, under the influence of abject terror. "No—here—let me fetch the basin in here for you!"

"Nonsense—couldn't think of troubling you.

you!"
"Nonsense—couldn't think of troubling you.
I know my way," he answered amicably motioning me back to my seat with one hand, while he opened the door with the other; and before I could say or do anything further to prevent him, Mr. Bruce had entered the bed-

prevent him, Mr. Bruce had entered the bedroom.

If a benevolent earthquake would kindly have made a meal of me at that moment, how grateful I should have been. In a state of mind which I do not care to analyze, I waited the inevitable explosion. A long second passed away—an everlasting minute—and there was no sign. What had happened? Could Mary have contrived to hide herself anywhere? I tried to reflect. There was a large, deep cupboard in the room that served as a wardrobe. Burely Mary had not had the presence of mind to conceal herself there? Yet it was the only place I could think of into which she could have retired; there was no other solution of the mystery. In a few minutes Mr. Bruce returned with clean hands and unruffled demeanor. Manifestly he had seen nothing and suspected nothing. He resumed the conversation where we had left it off, and after some further talk it was agreed that I should start for Berkshire as soon as the doctor would authorize me to leave the house; first, however, calling on Mr. Bruce to receive his written instructions and a cheque on account for whatever I thought I should need. Then, at last, my benefactor took his leave, and I hailed his departure as I should that of the gout. I hastened to the bedroom.

"Mary!" I called. "Mary!"

should that of the gout. I hastened to the bedroom.

"Mary!" I called. "Mary!"
No answer. I searched the cupboard.
She was not there.
I looked behind the curtain, in a foriorn hope
that she might have hidden herself there. No
Mary. By what magic had she disappeared? I
went down on my hands and knees and peered
under the bed. Two overland trunks and a
bootjack, but still no Mary.
I summoned Mrs. Swatman.

"Miss Bruce-where is she?" I demanded.

"Do you mean the lady, sir?"

"Yes-the lady—Miss Bruce?"

"She's gone, sir."

"I see she's gone, but how did she go?"

"I let her through Mr. Burnett's chambers,
sir."

"Treasers Mr. Burnett's chambers!" I re-

ir."
"Through Mr. Burnett's chambers!" I re-eated in amazement. "How did you manage

peated in amazement. "How did you manage that?"

"Why, sir, through the door—"

"What door?" I interrupted impatiently.

"The door that leads from your bedroom into his sitting room. sir."

There was a door by my bedside which I had been going to ask, thinking it was another cupboard. Through this doorway Mary had escaped. How thankful I was now, that it had not been a cupboard. It turned out that Mrs. Swatman occasionally used the door when Burnett was away and I was engaged, and that in his instance, the laundress having called, Mrs. Swatman had gone in that way, and had happly been in time to release the terrified Mary from her embarrassing predicament.

I blessed Mrs. Swatman, and did not, as I had fully intended, give her a good blowing up for admitting Mr. Bruce when she knew that I was engaged. She did not know, by the way, that I was "angaged" in the common acceptance of that term. I blessed her, therefore, and furthermore presented her with a sovereign, which made her happy for the rest of the week—honest old descendant of Cinderella that she was!

Next morning by the first post I had a letter.

The start of the loss. I had a best distinct the control process of the control process of

woodcuts.

"Has" said Mr. Bruce; "a copy of old Pari, and a nice clean copy, too! Let me look at it, Mary, and let me have some coffee."

He and I turned over the book together, and had some talk about the author. As I was

closing it, the fly-leaf fell to the ground and fluttered to Mr. Bruce's feet. He picked it up and was about to hand it to me, when he sud-denly exclaimed with some excitement: "This is extraordinary! Did you not notice this?" CHASING KANGAROOS. How the Australian Bushman Comhis?"
On the fly-leaf was written in a straight, stiff nandwriting, "Dalrymple Bruce, ;his book,

On the ny-leaf was written in a straight, stiff handwriting, "Dairymple Bruce, this book, 1780."

We looked at it together in allence for about a minuta. Mr. Bruce spoke first.

"Who was your Mrs. Cramp? Do you know her maiden name?"

"I know nothing about her—except that she once told me she was in service at Chicksands Priory? in Beafordishire."

"In what part of Bedfordshire is Chicksands Priory?" Priory?"
"Really I don't know; my acquaintance with the place is confined to Aspley Guise and Wo burn, and it certainly is not in that neighbor-hood."

"Really I don't know; my acquaintance with the place is confined to Aspley Guise and Woburn, and it certainly is not in that neighborhood."

"Do you mind my keeping this? I must see Mrs. Crump in the morning, and you had better perhaps come with me. Come to my chambers about II, and we will go together."

I willingly agreed to be with him at the hour named; and the next day, accordingly, we interviewed Mrs. Crump, who, by this time, was well enough to be up, though not to be about. Poor old woman! she was quite frightened at Mr. Bruce's somewhat protessional method of cross-examination. He, however elicited the information that her maiden name was Medlock; her father had been a laborer in Lord Ongley's employ at Warden, in Bedfordshire. Her mother's maiden name she did not know. Both her father and mother were dead. They had both died while in service at Chicksands Priory, and were both buried at Warden. She was the only child, and on her parents' decease she had sold the few things they possessed except two or three books which she had played with as a child and did not like to part with. There was no family Bible among them. There was an old almanac. There they were on the drawers, and we were quite welcome to look at them, or, for that matter, to take them away. The almanac was not among the books on the drawers; it was in her "box." Her box was under the bed, and if we very particularly wanted to see the almanac, she would get it for us.

We did want to see that almanac very particularly indeed; but I made Mrs. Crump sit in her chair while I pulled the box out from under the bed, and dragged it up in front of her. She opened it, revealing a strange heterogeneous collocation of articles, whence derived or wherefore treasured only Mrs. Grump—and possibly not even she—could have explained. All three of us—even the dignified Mr. Bruce, too—united in ransacking that veteran receptacle. It seemed as if there was no end of things, except the one thing that we wanted. I began to fear that the almanac had gone to th

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SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION. How It Comes About and the Mat

Which Cause It. From the Baltimore Sun. 1 From all the principles of chemistry sponts

neous combustion is a possible and, in fact, a frequent phenomenon. Prof. William P. Tonry, the chemist, says the flame in such cases invariably arises from a combination of oxygen with some material favorable to producing beat. Wherever there is turpentine there is always

Wherever there is turpontine there is always danger of spontaneous combustion. If the substance be poured on rags, especially when they are scaked with grease, fi.e is likely to result. Furniture establishments and all places where oils and turpentine are kept are especially liable to visitation from fires of inexplicable origin.

Hay, when moist and packed tightly, ferments by a natural process and absorbs oxygen so freely as to produce flame in many instances. Sulphuric acid if allowed to come in contact with bagging at fertifizer factories is also a source of great danger. The same acid, if mixed with water, produces intense heat.

A common source of unexpected combustion is the gas which escapes from a jet which has been carclessly left open. Gas and common air produce an explosive compound which can be touched off like guupowder by a tiny flame.

can be touched off like gunpowder by a tiny fame.

Prof. Tonry says it is very difficult to prevent combustion which arises from natural combinations, although thorough ventilation and cleanliness in private houses and business establishments will go a long way toward reducing the danger. The phenomenon is common to all seasons, although a temperature of 70 or 80 degrees, which is high enough for fermentation, is most favorable to it.

An accumulation of infiammable materials is always to be avoided. It was once believed that human bodies, especially those of incbriates, were liable to take fire and be consumed spontaneously, but the theory finds but little acceptance in these days.

A REMARKABLY QUEER VERDICT. Setting a Prisoner Free to Save the County

His Board. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.] Speaking of the sometimes queer verdicts rendered by a jury, recalls a case I was engaged Speaking of the sometimes queer verdicts rendered by a jury, recalls a case I was engaged in once at Louisiana, Mo. Two men, employer and employe, had quarreled about a matter of wages. Shortly after and while the employer was engaged in conversation with two gentlemen, the employer stole up behind his employer and plunged a knife into his neck, almost cutting it half in two. It was a marvel how the man survived the ugly thrust. He would not have done so, perhaps, but for the fact that one of the men with whom he was conversing was a physician. The physician at once took the unfortunate man in charge, stopped the flow of blood and got him properly bandaged.

Six months later he was entirely recovered, and the trial of his assailant began. All the material facts were proven conclusively. There did not seem to be any palliating circumstances whatever. The jury retired, and shortly returned with a verdict authorizing a fine of \$100. Curious to know by what process of reasoning they reached so unusual a verdict, I accosted one of the jurors. "Well," said he, "if we sent him to the penitentiary the county would have to support his family, and if we sent him to jail it would be the same, neither of which the taxpayers would like, so we thought the best thing to do was to fine him \$100."

A DAINTY FLORIDA PRUIT.

lemething About the Rose Apple, Which is Useful as Well as Ornamental. riando (Fis.) Times. 1

One of the daintiest of all the dainty fruits One of the daintiest of all the dainty fruits that grow under the Florida sun is the rose apple, or jambosade, or as the botanist call it, Eugenia jambos. A rose apple tree, full of the interesting fruit, is now growing in the grounds of L. P. Westcott, of this city. The foliage is small, pointed and shining, and quite beautiful. The fruit looks like a small, oblong guava, creamy white, and with a perfect odor of a full blown rose. The flesh consists only of a thin, crisp shell, inside of which the large brown seed lies loose.

The flavor is sweet, and the strong rose odor is all through it. It is altogether too light and airy for eating raw, but makes a jelly that is unsurpassed for delicacy of flavor. The rose apple is quite tropical, and will not stand any more cold than a guava, but everybody ought to have at least one tree as an ornament and curiosity.

Afraid of the Hereditary Influence.



Miss Plumpe-Armand, you haven't me my family before. This is Great-grandme Wingate, this Grandma Parsons, and this mamma.

Her Intended (looking ahead a few years)

—Say, Bessie, take back what you said, and
be simply a sister to me, won't you?

—Judge.

stock-riders, who dearly love to see the arrival of city folks on the station, for they are generally rather in dread of the horse they are mounted upon, and seldom stay upon his back very long. But I yet had to saddle my horse and place the crupper in position, and this was only accomplished after a long struggle with the prepossessing brute I had chanced upon, which plunged and byck-jumped at every attempt to draw tight the cirths, by screwing the animal up against the rail and keeping him there by main strength. COBB'S CUMBERSOME COACHES.

OFF FOR THE HUNT.

and precipitous range which rises abruptly and almost perpendicularly out of the plain, and unbroken by a pass. The work of carrying a railway acros this range was a triumph of engineering skill, the ascent being accomplished by a zigzag route of very steep grade, the train now being hauled very slowly up one in-cline and now backed up the next. Reach-ing the summit, the road runs for 40 miles along the crest of the range, affording some along the crest of the range, affording some magnificent panoramic views of the country beneath. Very curious was the appearance presented by the dense foliage of the forest below, whose trees reared their lofty crests skyward for hundreds of feet, and over which the eye traveled uninterruptedly for miles, drinking in an ocean of wonderful verdure as level and green as a wheat field in the early spring. in the early spring. ON A COBB'S COACH.

By means of a similar "zigzag" the plains on the other side were reached, and we soon arrived at the station whence the journey to my friend's homestead would be continued on a Cobb's coach. These are the mail coaches by means of which communication with the interior is maintained; and long may they survive, cumbersome though they be, for nothing is more exhibarating than to be whirled off on top of one of them through a section of cumbersome though they be, for nothing is more exhilarating than to be whirled off on top of one of them through a section of beautiful country, with a spanking team of picked horses stretching the waces in front. A word or two as to these cosches. They are built more on the side of durability than ornament; the body is formed like one-half of a walnut shell, hung on leather springs and carried on a strong frame work, running on equally strong wide-tyred wheels. But now the guard's bugle sends out a note of music and we swing ourselves up on deck; the driver draws the ribbons through his hands, gently feels his horses' mouths, allows the fall of his whip to drop with a resounding crack, the hostlers jump away from the leaders' heads and we are off on our 40-mile drive, with five hours of daylight to do it in.

The conditions were all favorable for a pleasant drive; we carried enough passengers for companionship and comfort, and a light mail; a skillful driver acted as pilot to the five good horses that hauled us, there was just sufficient sharpness in the wintery air to make the drive the more exhilarating, and the orb of day beaming mildly upon us and the orb of day beaming mildly upon us from the deep blue vault above gave unerr-ing indication of a fine day. A stranger would be required to be told that it was almost midwinter as we sped along at a lively pace through thinly timbered woods of ever-green stringy-bork and black butt, every now and again rolling by thickets of sweet-smelling acucia and myall, or over a sweeping plain of green and tufted grass, for there was more appearance of spring in the aspect of the country than of winter, as understood in more northerly climes. Soon we began to leave the level country, and the group of hills which we had observed looming up in the distance were now immediately

fore us. A PLEASANT PROSPECT. A change of horses was made, dinner dispatched, and after another mile the pace slackened and it became all collar work for our good horses. Almost imperceptibly we found ourselves rising above the level of the surrounding country and winding upward round a deep gorge, through which the track ran. At the summit the road had been cut out of the side of the gorge, barely wide enough for a pair of cosches to pass at a time, and so continued for a level stretch of about half a mile. We learned from our driver that the up coach should have passed him at the wide opening we had left, and as we reached the level stretch he said: "If Tom Hardy is on this stretch now it will be a touch-and-go business getting one coach past the other, for I doubt if there is room. He's all right, for he has the inside, but I always tried to keep clear of being caught on this ledge." The prospect was not reasuring. On one side, our side, too, was a sheer precipice of fully 300 feet, and on the other a high bank. The coaches must pass, but how? Some of the passengers were beginning to express a desire to get down and walk, and were about doing so, when our attention was attracted by the approach of the other coach. It was hugging the bank as closely as it could so as to enable us to pass on the outside. It was not possible, we thought, for our driver to get his coach by—there certainly was not room, and we were beginning to suggest the advisa-A change of horses was made, dinner disour driver to get his coach by—there cer-tainly was not room, and we were beginning to suggest the advisa-bility of getting down and walk-ing, when he called out, "Hold fast, gentle-man, and keep as much as possible on the off side; I'm going to run through," and now followed as skillful and coolheaded a piece of coachmanship as I ever witnessed.

A COOL COACHMAN.

Suiting the action to the word, he Suiting the action to the word, he whipped the team into a canter and bore down on the other coach, increasing his pace into a brisk gallop as he neared it. In another moment we flew past it, hub separated from hub by not a quarter of an inch, and as we looked back the mark of the rear wheels could be discerned on the very brink of the precipice. A wild cheer greeted us as we sped along, and which we returned with the zest of men who but a moment before had expected to be hurled into space. "That was the only way to do into space. "That was the only way to do it, gentlemen. When you are caught in a tight place you can never pilot your horses so certainly as when you have them well in In due time we rolled down the hill, across the plain below, changed horses, and, after finding our way across a Government reserve, through which the tracks extended

aiter finding our way across a Government reserve, through which the tracks extended for a quarter of a mile wide, running over fall of the tracks extended for a quarter of a mile wide, running over fall of the wide, running over washing there bodies, visiting their death-beds, and wend digrig their graves. That is not the description of a "comfortable" II.

And yet Pather Damien was abundantly happy. Comfort and happiness on ont alterensing that night adorned with a large and varied comfort. Daily he lived "in a polluted at the suffers." That is not the description of a "comfortable" II.

And yet Pather Damien was abundantly happy. Comfort and happiness on ont alterensing that night adorned with a large and varied comfort. Daily he lived "in a polluted at the thirty rate grave." That is not the description of a "comfortable" II.

And yet Pather Damien was abundantly happy. Comfort and happiness on ont alterent Resea

OFF FOR THE HUNT.

But now everything is ready for a start to the habitat of the kangaroo; half a dozen greyhounds, large framed, long limbed, sinewy brutes, specially reared for such work, the result of years of judicious blending of the coursing greyhound strain with that of the bloodhound, possessing the keen nose of the latter with the speed of the former, note the tightening of girths and fixing of surcingle with intelligent interest as final preparations are made. Our party is a select one, consisting of the two ladies, habited and mounted on trained thoroughbreds reserved for their user the superintendent, a stockman and the squatter and myself. The dogs are signalled to the rear and we nove off under the guidance of the stockman who had located a small tribe of kangaroos during his morning's ride in a guily a few miles from the homestead.

Half an hour's easy ride brings us in the vicinity of the marsupials, and the stockman is sent ahead to reconnoiter. He moves cautiously forward to where a few rocks rise suddenly up out of a growth of brush, and is seen to halt. He views the head of an old man above the undergrowth with ears creet, keenly sniffing around as if scenting danger. His instinct is not at fault, for, at a signal, the hounds spring forward, there is a crunching of dead timber, a rustling in the undergrowth, followed by the thud, thud of the leaping long tails as they bound away with enormous jumps, the dogs at first, dividing and chasing, severally, three or four of the herd, but they are quickly called off and set on the trail of the patriarch who is quickly putting yards at a time, at every jump, between him and his pursuers.

ACROSS COUNTRY. With very little urging of our steeds we are

soon in hot pursuit, with all the conditions favorable to a rattling run. The country hereabouts is fairly open, what timber there is being scattered and of small growth, there is very little undergrowth, and we speed away with ever-increasing zest for the hunt, now getting a momentary glimpse of our game as he springs across an opening far in advance of us, and now flying over the bed of a driedup creek. Fortunately for the full enjoyment of our fair companions, the longtailed gentleman whom we are chasing keeps in the open line of country, and they are enabled to 'live,' for once, with the men, because in riding through timbered country they have to proceed with more caution owing to their side seat. On this occasion they all but lead us, their speedy thoroughbreds skimming the grass tufts in as keen appreciation of the sport as their light-bearted and light-limbed riders, bearing them over the brush fences and popping across yawning chasms, with all the precision of old hunters. But we Nimrods are not far behind our fair Dianas, exchanging with them jest and repartee, dup and joke as we swing along in fullest enjoyment of the exhilarating work and with the deepest relish for the character of our surroundings, drinking in deep draughts of the pure air with every stride of our nags, in the clear, mild atmospheré of the Australian winter's day. On we gallop, hardly keeping the swift-running hounds in view, now breasting an eminence from which we see that our kangaroo is making for the timbered country to the right, and now coursing along a gully, clearing the small creek at the bottom in one stride. But rapid traveller though the kangaroo is his bolt is soon shot. His early education was neglected in the matter of staying for miles across country for the pleasure of human kind, and the old man, who has given us a better run than ordinarialy, begins to falter in his speed; the hounds are even now at his quarters and as we ride up, making our way through the thick scrub, we find him 'balled up,' as the Australian oon in hot pursuit, with all the condition favorable to a rattling run. The country here

with his short forearms and powerful legs. Our chase is ended, but as sportsmen we will not be content with less than the death of our quarry. The method employed by the aborigines in dispatching the kangaroo when in extremis is by handing him a waddy or short club, which the animal selzes, as would a monkey, with his fore arms, and then striking him with another on the head. This king of the marsupial order, though timfil and gentle when unmolested, is a dangerous adversary in a fight. Using his long tail as a lever, he is capable of dealing a telling hiow with either of his long, powerful legs, and before the unequal combat, of which we were now spectators, had progressed very far howls of paintfrom the hounds and their bleeding sides bore testimony to the trouble which the "old man" was making for them. But it was only prolonging the agony of the prey to allow the dogs to worry it any longer; a shot from a revolver dropped him to earth, and the kaife of the stockman quickly removed his scalp and ears. Well pleased with our day's sport, we pursued our way leisurely homeward, and afterward dined with keen appetite: a delicacy of the "bill," equaling any other in quality, being a soup made from the tail of our kangaroo.

Frank Kempsten. FIGHTING VICIOUSLY

RATHER AN AWKWARD FIX. A Barber Leaves a Customer Half Shave Chicago Herald.

"Funny thing happened to me once," said the doctor. "I was at a little town in the western part of Iowa last fall, where I had stayed over doctor. "I was at a little town in the western part of Iowa last fall, where I had stayed over night to see a friend, and expected to go on to Sloux City next morning. The train was scheduled to leave at 10 o'clock, and shortly after 9, having seen that my trunk was duly checked, I decided to get my sideburns shaved off, so strolled into a barber shop nearly opposite the station. There was only one chair in the place, and that was run by a little fat barber. He received me cordially, worked along quite leisurely, and had one side nicely shaved when a bell began ringing furiously and a man ran along the main street yelling fire! fire! at the top of his lungs. Without waiting to explain or apologize my fat friend threw down his razor and rushed outdoors, leaving me in the chair to await his return. I sat very patiently for 10 or 15 minutes, or until it was near train time, and then I began to grow restive. It was absolutely necessary for me to get to Sloux City that day, and yet there I sat with a beautiful sidewhisker on my left cheek and the right one as bare as the palm of my hand. Finally I threw away the cigar I was smoking and went outside, where sat a small lame boy, the only creature in sight. Where in thunder is the barber? I asked.

"O, ne's down ter the fire, mister. Yer see Billy's foreman o' ther hook and ladder company, an' speec ter be 'lected chief o' ther department next spring, an' he don't miss no fires, Billy don'!!"

"I groaned and went back in the shop: it lacked two minutes of train time, so seizing the scissors I clipped off the loft whisker as close as I could, then rushed for the depot, which I reached just as the train pulled in. I sneaked aboard and hid in the smoker until we arrived in Sloux City, where I had the job properly finished. Nice experience, wasn't it?"

PILLOWS MADE OF PINE

Said to be an Excellent Remedy for Coughs and Bronchial Troubles. Coccoa (Fla.) Spirit.]

Coccoa (Fla.) Spirit.]

During the visit to the home of a most estimable lady living on Indian river, this editor was told of a discovery that had been made which may prove a boon to sufferers from lung or bronchial troubles. This lady having heard that there was a peculiar virtue in a pillow made from pine straw, and having none of that material at hand, made one from soft, fine pine shavings, and had the pleasure of noting immediate benefit. Soon all the members of the household had pine snavings pillows, and it was noticed that all coughs, asthmatic or bronchial troubles abated at once after sieeping a few nights on these pillows.

An invalid suffering from lung trouble derived much benefit from sleeping upon a mattress made from pine shavings. The material is cheap, and makes a very pleasant and comfortable mattress, the odor of the pine permeating the entire room and absorbing or dispelling all unpleasant and objectionable odors.

An Indelible Curse.

MODERN MARTYR.

The Heroic Life and Work of Joseph Damien De Venster

AMONG THE LEPERS OF MOLOKAL.

Dr. Wade's Reply to Prof. Huxley's Attack on Christianity.

PATHER DAMIEN'S DEPENSE IS BETTER

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) Out in the Pacific Ocean, among the Sandwich Islands, there projects above the water the peak of an extinct volcano. Some people, indeed, hold that all these islands are but partially submerged volcanoes. In the southernmost one the old fires are still burning, and in all are found great blocks of lava and other evidences of volcanic origin. In the crater, as it would seem, of one of these ancient mountains of fire, now standing only a few feet out of the water, are built two little villages, inhabited by a strange and miserable population. I suppose that nowhere else in the world, except in certain afflicted villages down in deep valleys of the Alps, can be found any towns to be compared with them. Everybody in these two villages is sick, and sick with one of the most fearful diseases known to the race of man. These people are lepers.

By a wise provision of the Government of Hawaii, all lepers in that country are isolated. They are put apart from other citizens upon the little island of Molokai.

Molokai is accordingly a sort of national pest-house.

Now, let several hundred human beings Now, let several hundred human beings be gathered together, all of them afflicted with an incurable disease, all of them waiting for death; none of them very well educated nor very good Christians—put these wretched people off by themselves and certain conditions are pretty sure to follow. These conditions will all be fairly summed up in the word, degradation. There will be physical degradation. These poor people will so lose heart that they will not even keep themselves clean. There will be intellectual degradation. What ambition can stir these miscrable beings to improve their minds? There will be moral degradation. There will be a general giving way of all minds? There will be moral degradation.

There will be a general giving way of all which, under ordinary conditions, keeps men up and gives them some heart. Even the certain and near appreach of death will make small impression upon most of them. "Let us eat and drink," they will say, "for to-morrow we die." An island of lepers will be the abode of

DEGRADATION AND DESPAIR. This is a very fair description of the condition of this island of Molokai as it was 16 years ago. But 16 years ago a new settler arrived upon the scene and proceeded immediately to change things. The new settler was a Roman Catholic priest, a young man only a little past 30 years of age, a member of the order of the "Sacred Heart of Jesus

speaking in his heart, and a third time he answered: "Here am I; send me." In 1873 Father Damien began the work in which the remainder of his good life was spent.

There was no doubt in Father Damien's

There was no doubt in Father Damien's mind as to what the end would be. He knew perfectly well that he would die a leper. But he went straight forward. No soldier ever marched into battle more brayely than this soldier of the cross.

It is worth while to note just here that Father Damien had nothing to gain of those rewards after which most people nowadays are striving. There was no money to be had at Molokai. There was no chance of winning any ecclesiastical position by

WORKING AMONG LEPERS. There was no fame to be had away out there on that obscure Pacific island. There were not even the ordinary comforts of life. There is a good deal of epicureanism among men to-day—a good deal of the spirit which urges thoughtful people to make the most of this life, and to think little about any other. We want to be comfortable, above all things. But Father Damien seems not greatly to have coveted comfort. When he arrived at Molokai there was at first no roof under which he could be sheltered and he slept out-of-doors for several nights be-neath a great tree. He often thought of those homeless nights. So strong was the memory he had of them that when he lay dying the other day he asked to be buried just there, under that hospitable tree. We may believe that as he lay at night, looking up into the face of the sky, amid the silence of the strange land, in the presence of God, he bowed again more carnestly than ever to follow Him who for love of us lived upon this sinful earth, cared for the sick and sorrowful, touched even lepers and healed them, and died at last, making His cross an emblem of love and sacrifice forever. If he could but serve Him, and win His blessing, that was all that Joseph Damien wanted.

There is no objection in any Christian doctrine to human comfort. Christianity teaches evidently the duty of making the teaches evidently the duty of making the most of life. All that was good and true in the philosophy of the Epicureans is to be found in the teachings of Christ. Christianity, indeed, as Christians know by experience, not only teaches the duty of making the most of life, but reveals a heavenly secret, without which it is hard to see how one can succeed in making very much of life. Christians have a perfect right to be comfortable—wherever comfort does not stand in the way of Christianity. Everybody has a right to rest, but not when an important work needs helping hands. Christianity puts the soul above the body, puts character above comfort, crowns life with the cross. Christ says that they alone will find their lives who lose them, who give them to God and their neighbor. That give them to God and their neighbor. That loes interfere with

SOME KINDS OF COMPORT.

It did interfere with Father Damien's comfort. Daily he lived "in a polluted atmosphere, dressing the sufferers' sores, washing their bodies, visiting their death-

not a remarkable individual, as it seemed, in any way. He was like the man with two talents, in the parable, neither very rich nor very poor in the qualities and gifts which make success possible. Joseph Damien was just an ordinary, commonplace man, having no particular genius for anything, unless a genius for being and doing good be taken account of—that he had. This man wanted to do good. To the depths of his very soul he wanted to help somebody who was down. It was not with him a theory, nor a sentiment, but really a passion, an absorbing desire. And when this plain, good man, with the longing in his heart to help, put his foot on the island of Molokai, a new era began there. Such is the contagion of GENUINE, SINCERE GOODNESS.

GENUINE, SINCERE GOODNESS.

Father Damien is best described by saying that he was a Christian. All his inspiration came from his faith. He did what he did and was what he was, because he simply and loyally followed Christ. That brave life of his is an example of what Christian faith is still helping men to do. In spite of all the frowns of the critics, in spite of all the frowns of the critics, in spite of all the assurances of philosophers that the foundation has been quite removed from beneath the Christian religion, there is a good deal of faith still left in this world. I do not believe that there is a single Christian village anywhere in which there are not ten Christians living at this hour who would for Christ's sake do just such work as Father Damien did, if it came in their way as it did in his. Indeed, who will deny that there are Christians beyond numbering who, in obscure ways, under various burdens, with crosses of various shapes, are to-day doing God just as good service as Father Damien did. Two years ago who of us had heard of Father Damien? Yet there he was, doing his good work, witnessing to Christ's power in this epicurean century. GENUINE, SINCERE GOODNESS.

Yet there he was, doing his good work, witnessing to Christ's power in this epicurean century.

In the number of the Nineteenth Century in which I learned the facts of Father Damien's life, there is another notable article standing just next to this. It is Dr. Wade's reply to Mr. Huxley. Mr. Huxley had affirmed, in the common fashion of the modern opponents of the Christian religion, that all good scholarship to-day denies the authenticity of the New Testament Scriptures as adequate records of Christ's life. This, everybody will remember, was the position assumed in "Robert Elsmere." The books in that remarkable library which the 'Squire had, overturned the whole system of Christian belief. But Dr. Wade, as it happens, knows just as much about Biblical criticism as Prof. Huxley does about natural science. And he shows by quotations from the very authors whom Prof. Huxley names that their conclusions are by no means those which a great many people take for granted. The best scholarship to-day affirms the authenticity of the New Testament Scriptures. The article is a strong and able defense of the Christian faith against houest, but ill-informed attack. Still, for the most of us, Father Damien's defense is better. The best argument for Christianity is The best argument for Christianity is

A GOOD CHRISTIAN.

This is a very fair description of the condition of this island of Molokai as it was 16 years ago. But 16 years ago a new settler arrived upon the scene and proceeded immediately to change things. The new settler was a Roman Catholic priest, a young man only a little past 30 years of age, a member of the order of the "Sacred Heart of Jesus and Mary."

Joseph Damien de Venster, or Father Damien, as all the world knows him to-day, was born in 1841 in Belgium. He was early possessed with a desire to be a priest. He had a brother who was preparing for the priesthood in a neighboring town, and one day, when Joseph was about 19 years old, going with his father to visit this brother, he insisted on staying. Nothing could persuade him to go back. He, too, would be a priest.

Joseph's brother had planned to go as a missionary to the South Seas, but as the time drew near for him to go he fell sick. Joseph was eager to go in his place. He wrote, offering himself for the work, and begging the privilege of going, and his request was granted. So the young priest, and begging the privilege of going, and his request was granted. So the young priest, and begging the privilege of going, and his request was granted. So the young priest, and begging the privilege of going, and his request was granted. So the young priest, and begging the privilege of going, and his request was granted. So the young priest, and begging the privilege of going, and his a motyet, as it seems, ordained, became a missionary.

Among the South Sea Islands he heard of the poor, forsaken, miserable leper folk at Molokai, and his heart went out to them.

A third time he heard the voice of God speaking in his heart, and a third time he answered: "Here am I; send me." In 1873

Falling Off in Custom Due to Mistakes

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.1 Some 'drygoods clerks possess very little knowledge of human nature; otherwise they would not drift from store to store or city to city. I know three clerks who have held their city. I know three clerks who have hold their positions twenty years or more, and command large salaries. The secret of their popularity is that they are just as polite to a lady who does not purchase as one who does. If she buys nothing to-day, to-morrow she will. Frequently a lady goes into a store for an article which she very much needs. She asks for it, examines it, prices it, and finds it costs \$4.50, and she has but \$4 in her pocket; rather than tell this to the clerk, who has not sense enough to divine it, she says it is too short, too long, or not the right shade. A St. Louis clerk thinks the proper thing to do is to jerk it from under her gaze, shove it in a box and strike the box on the counter, thereby trying to insult a lady and succeeding in losing a customer for his employer. I had set my heart upon buying a certain article of furniture, and thought I had sufficient money; so I went into a store and found just what I wanted, but it cost \$5 more than I possessed. I made some trivial excuse, intending to save the money and return for it; but the clerk was too obtuse to take the hint, and followed me to the door with his importunities. The result is when I have saved the money I shall purchase at another establishment. Men imagine women ask to see articles from idleness, but such is rarely the case. positions twenty years or more, and command

NICER THAN SHOOTING.

A Young Lady Greatly Admires the Way Soldiers Use Their Arms. Washington Post.1

Two very charming young ladies were chat ting in a street car last evening. "So you've been down to the camp?" asked "Yes; and it's perfectly splendid down there."

"Yes; and it's perfectly splendid down there."
"Did the soldiers take their arms with them?"
"Of course they did. You don't suppose they would leave them at home, do you?"
"I shouldn't like to be there when they were shooting. I hate shooting,"
"Why, silly, they don't shoot."
"Don't they? What do they do with their arms, then?"
"Why, they put 'em around you, of course; and it's ever so nice."

HE DESERVED THE BLOW.

An Ungallant Husband Quickly Silenced by no Indignant Wife.

M'Taggart received another paper from America the other day, and as soon as Kirsty was settled down to his knitting, he proceeded, therefrom for her special benefit.

"Eb! bit here's a curious thing," he said;

"juist hear to this: 'A woman living at Winnepeg has entirely lost her power of speech
through partaking freely of tinned peaches,'
Ma certy, bit that's awful strange. Kirsty,
woman, are ye no' fond o' peaches? Because I
wad bring ye a—

"He got no further. Indignation lent strength
to an outraged wife's arm, and Sandy slept
that night adorned with a large and varied
selection of sticking plaster.

